Here beginneth a merry Ieſt, of the Fryer and the Boy.

LONDON.
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1626

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September the: 29: 1653

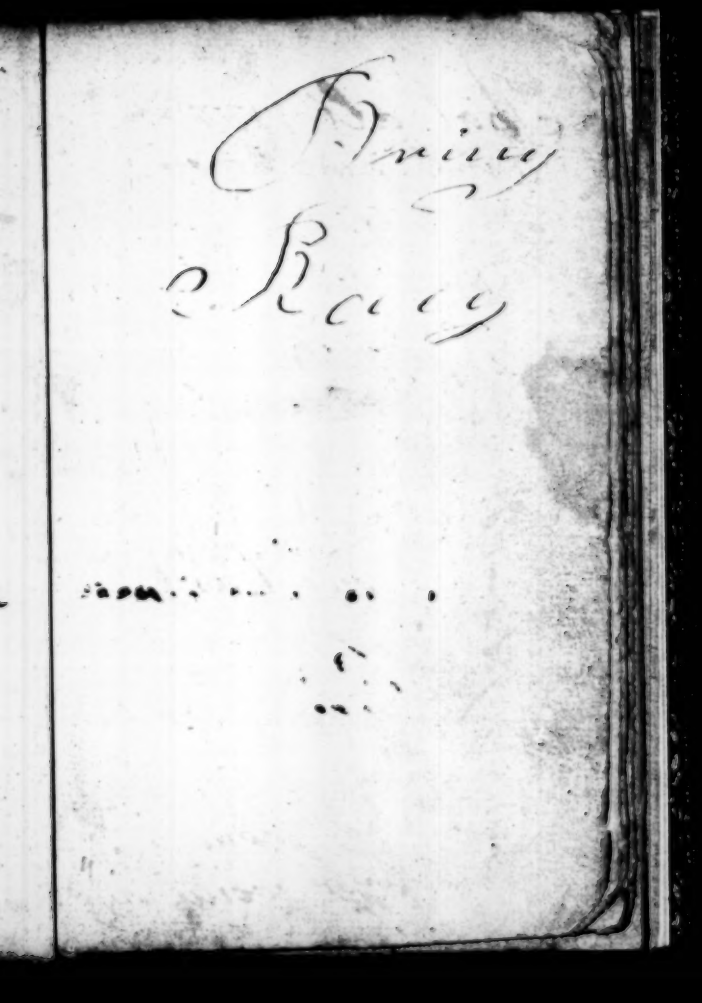
Received at the hand of Richard Thornhill the Sume of

6

Jenny a penny
penny two penny
Jenny

I
Sister Sheer
Can not
Come home to night

Good



That all men
kind may know

I testify in
our hearts

Jesus Christ
my Lord Redeemer

the most Glorious
the most

The most Christian Kingdom Lyes
and the holy Church at Rome was
shown there in the midst of their
Lust the Cup of abominations
was in their hands & they drunken
with the blood of the Saints
& with the blood of the martyrs
of Jesus when I saw them I wonder
with great admiration but the Angel
said unto me wherefore didst thou wonder
I will tell thee the mystery of the woman
& of the beast that carrieth her which
hath the seven heads & ten horns
The woman which thou sawest is that great
City which reigneth over the kings of the earth
Those that ever dwelt with them
who have drunk of the wine of
whose fornication all nations
have drunken & the merchants
of the earth are waxed rich through
the abundance of her delicacies
I will no more offend my sight

Judeth Terry Lois Book 1757

Old England is my nation Scotland is
My dwelling place and Christ is
my Salvation Joseph Towles
March y 27: 1757:
Æt 21

The Tutors key to ten sets of questions contained in the series of Books published on the plan of the Interrogative system forming a practical Guide to that complete Course of useful and liberal Education

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6 Goldsmiths gramer of
Geography
4 Adams Questions on
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4 Humphreys
8 Blairs Gramer
of natural philosophy
and Nonmaray Chemistry
of
3 Blairs English
Gramer
10 Robinsons Gramer
of history

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plate for a ayther — } 8
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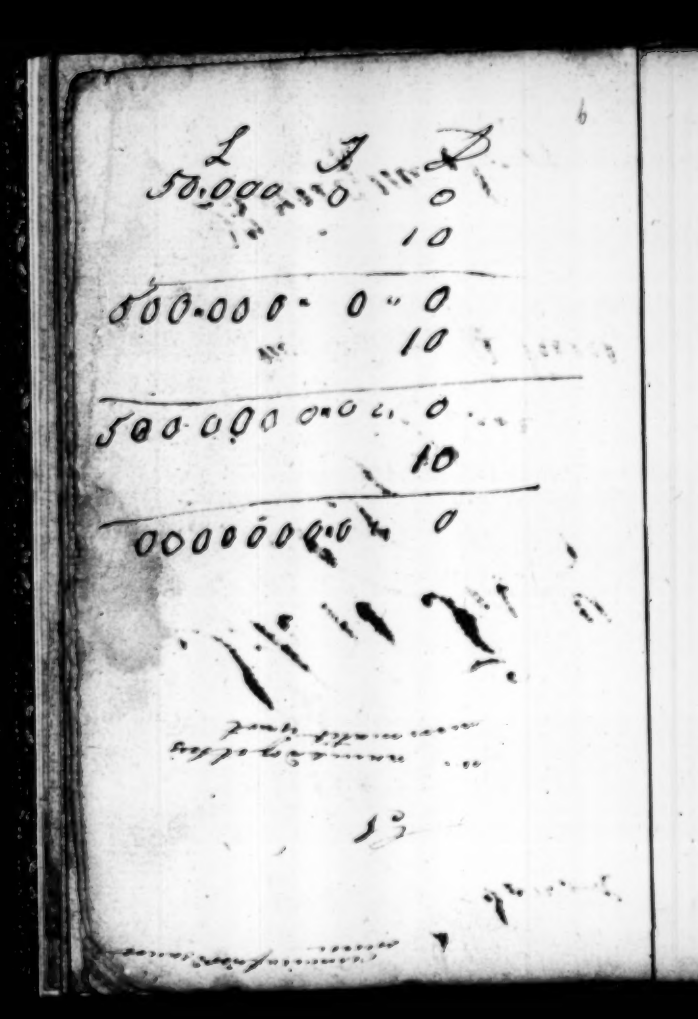

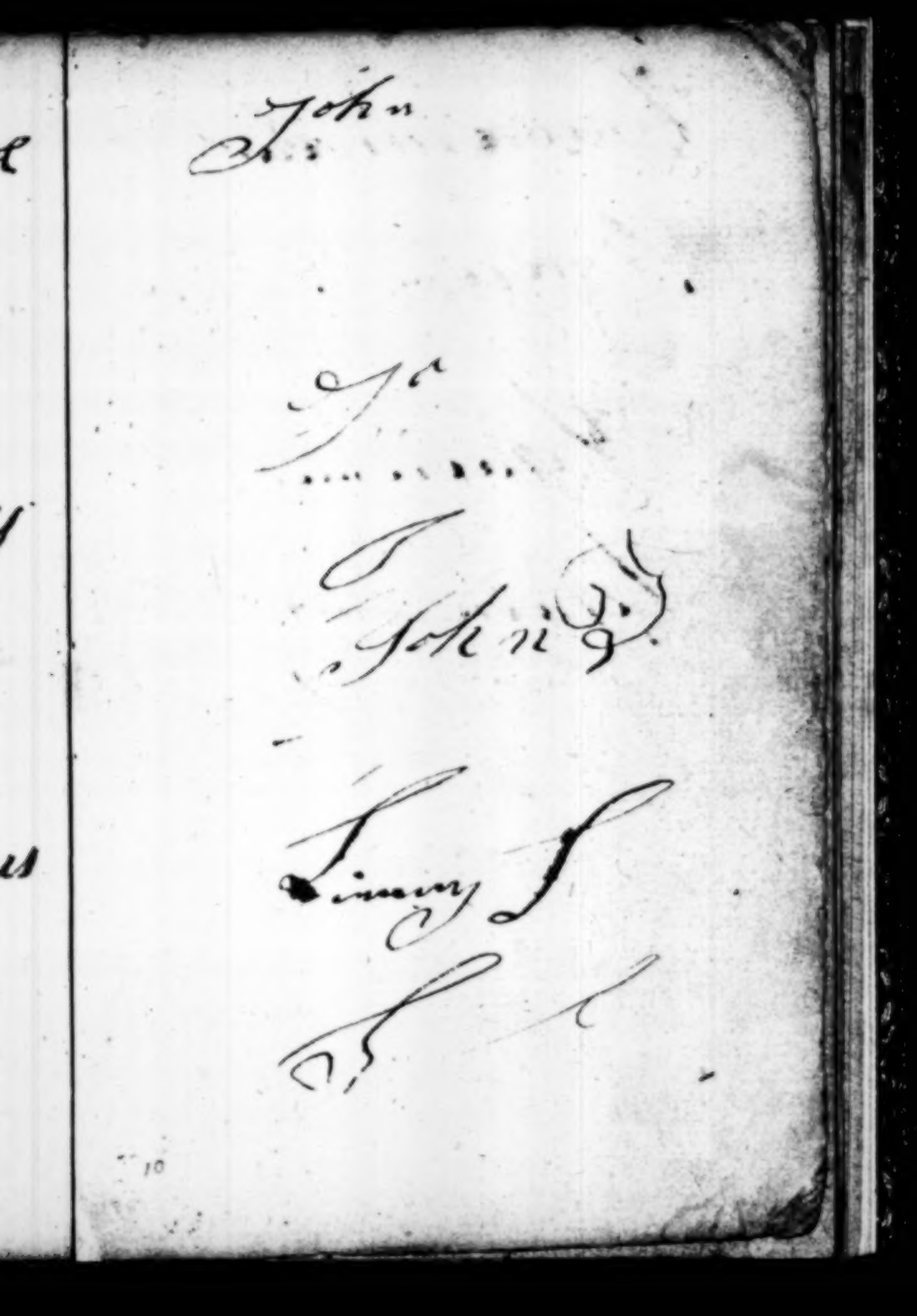

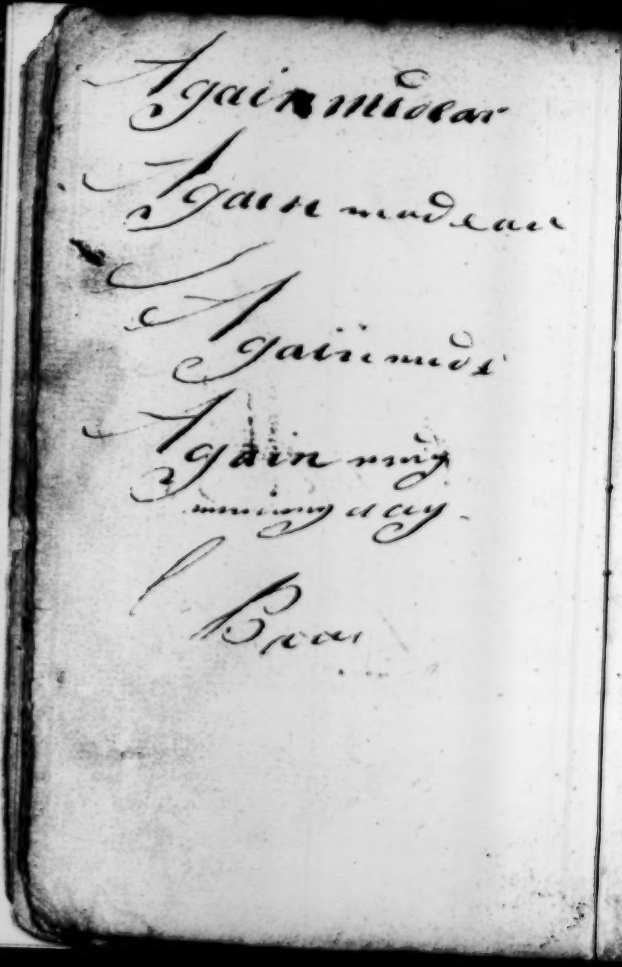

Dai

John Sherwood

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Merry Iest, of the Fryer and the Boy.

THat God that dyed for vs all,
And dranke both Vineger and Gall,
bring vs out of bale:
And giue them both good life and long,
Which listen doe vnto my song,
or tend vnto my tale.
There dwelt a man in my Countrie,
Which in his life had wiues three,
a blessing full of ioy:
By the first wife a Sonne he had,
Which was a prettie sturdy Lad,
a good vnhappy Boy.
His Father loued him passing well,
But his Step-mother neuer a dele,

I tel you as I thinke:
All things she thought lost by the Mode,
Which to the Boy did any good,
as either meat or drinke.
And yet I wis it was but bad,
Nor halfe enough thereof he had,
but euermore the worst:
And therefore euil might she fare,
Which did the little Boy such care,
so far forth as she durst.
Unto the man the wife gan say,
I would you'd put this Boy away,
and that right soone in hast:
Truly he is a cursed Lad,
I would some other man him had,
that would him better chast,
Then said the good man Dame not so
I will not let the young Boy goe,
he is but tender of age:
He shall with me this yeare abide.
Til he be growne more strong and tride,
for to winne better wage.
We haue a man a sturdy lout,
Which keepes our Neat the fields about,
and sleepeth all the day:
He shall come home as God me shield
And the Boy shall into the field,
to keepe them if he may.
Then said the wife in verament,
Husband thereto I giue consent,

for

for that I thinke it neede.
On the morrow when it was day,
The little Boy went on his way,
vnto the field with speed.

Of no man he toke any care,
But sung heigho away the Hare,
much myrth he did persue:
Forth he went with might and maine,
Until he came vnto the plaine,
where he his dinner drew.
But when he saw it was but bad,
Full little list there to be had,
but put it vp from sight:
Saying he had no list to taste,
But that his hunger still should laste,
til he came home at night.
And as the Boy sate on a Hill,
There came an ould man him vntill,

was walking by the way:
Sonne he said God thee se,
Now welcome Father may ye be,
the little Boy gan say:
The old man said I hunger sore,
Then hast thou any meat in store,
which thou might giue to me?
The childe repli'd so God me saue,
To such pore victuals as I haue,
right welcome shall you be.
Of this the old man was full glad,
The Boy drew forth such as he had,
and said goe to gladly:
The old man easie was to please,
Ye eat and made himselfe at ease,
saying sonne gramercy.
Sonne he said th'hast giuen meat to me,
And I will giue thee things to thee,
what ere thou wilt intreate:
Then said the Boy, tis best I trow,
That you bestowe on me a Bowe,
with which I birds may get.
A Bowe my sonne I will thee giue,
Such as shal last while thou dost liue
was neuer bowe more fit:
For if thou shote therein all day,
Making or winking, or any way,
the marke thou still shalt hit.
Now when the Bow in hand he felt,
And had the Arrowes vnder his belt

boldly

boldly he laughed I wis,
And said had I a Pipe withall,
Though here so little or so small,
I then had all my wish.
A Pipe my Son thou shalt haue also
That in true Musicke so shall goe,
I put thee out of doubt:
As who that liues and shall it heare,
Shall haue no power to forbeare,
but laugh and leape about.
Now tell me what the third shall bee,
For three things I will giue to thee
as I haue said before:
The Boy with smiling answer, saide
I haue enough for my poore trade,
I will desire no more.
The old man said my troth is plight,
Thou shalt haue all I thee behight,
say on now let me see:
At home I haue, the Boy replide,
A cruel Step-dame full of pride,
who is most curst to me:
When meat my Father giues to me,
She wishes poyson it might be,
and stareth in my face:
Now when she gazeth on me so,
I would she should a cap let goe,
which might ring through the place.
The old man answered then anon,
When ere she lookes thy face vpon,

her taple ſhall winde the horn:
So lowdly, that who ſhall it heare,
Shall not be able to forbeare,
but laugh her vnto ſcorne.
So farwell Sonne the olde man cride,
God keep you Sir the Boy replide,
I take my leaue of thee:
God that beſt of all things may,
Keep thee ſafe both night and day,
gramercie Sonne ſaid hee.
When it drew nere vnto the night,
Iacke well prepared hied home full right,
it was his ordinance:
And as he went his Pipe did blow,
The whilſt his Cattel on a row,
about him gan to dance.
Thus to the Towne he pipte ful trim
His ſhiping beaſts did follow him,
into his Fathers cloſe:
He went and put them vp each one,
Which done he homward went anon
to's Fathers Hall he goes.
His Father at his ſupper ſat,
And little Iacke eſpide well that,
and ſaid to him anon:
Father all day I kept your Neat,
At night I pray you giue me meat,
I me hungry by S Ihon.
Neatlelle I haue line all this day.
And kept your beaſts they did not ſtray,

my

my dinner was vnt ill:
His Father toke a Capons wing,
And at the Boy he did it fling,
bidding him eat his fill.
This grieu'd his Stepdames hart full sore,
Who loath'd the Lad stil more and more
she stard him in the face:
With that she let goe such a blast,
As made the people all agast,
it sounded through the place.
Each one did laugh and made good game
But the curst wife grew red through shame
and wisht she had bene gone:
Pardy (the Boy said) well I wot,
This gun was both wel chargd and shot,
and might haue broke a stone.
Full curstly she lookt on him tho,
That loke another crack let goe,
which did a thunder raise:
Quoth the Boy did you euer se,
A woman let her pellets flie,
more thick or more at ease?
Fie said the Boy vnto his Dame,
Temper thy teltale bum for shame
which made her full of sorrow:
Dame said the goodman go thy way,
For why I sweare by night nor day,
thy geare is not to borrow,
Now afterwards as you shall heare,
Vnto the house there came a Frier,

and

and lay there all the night:
The wife this Fryer lou'd as a saint,
And to him made a great complaint,
of lackes most vilde despight.
We haue, quoth she, within this,
A wicked Boy, none shrewder is,
which doth me mighty care:
I dare not loke vpon his face,
Or hardly tell my shamefull case,
so filthily I fare.
For Gods loue mete the Boy to morrowe,
Beat him well, and giue him sorrowe,
or make him blinde or lame:
The Fryer sware he would him beat,
The wife prayd him not to forget,
the Boy did her such shame.
Some Witch, quoth she, he is I smell,
But, quoth the Fryer, Ile beate him well,
of that take you no care:
Ile teach him witch-craft if I may,
O, quoth the wife, doe so I pray,
lay on and doe not spare.
Early next morne the Boy arose,
And to the Field full soone he goes,
his Cattle for to driue:
The Fryer vp as early gate,
He was afraid to come too late,
but ran full fast and blithe.
But when he came into the Land,
He found where little Iacke did stand,

keeping

keeping his Beasts alone:
Now Boy, he said, God giue thée shame,
What hast thou done to thy step-dame,
tell me forthwith anon?
And if thou canst not quit thée well,
Ile beat thée till thy body swell
I will no lenger abide:
The Boy replyed, what ayleth thée?
My step-dame is as well as yée,
what néed you thus to chide?
Come, will you see my Arrowe flye,
And hit yon small Bird in the eye,
and other things with all?
Sir Fryer, though I haue little wit,
Yet yonder Bird I meane to hit,
and giue her yan I shall.
There sate a small Bird on a Bryer,
Shot shot you wag then said the Fryer,
for that I long to see:
Iacke hit the Bird vpon the head,
So right, that she fell downe starke dead,
no further could she flye.
Fast to the bush the Fryer went,
And vp the Bird in hand he hent,
much wondring at the chance:
Meane while, Iacke toke his Pipe and play,
So loud, the Fryer grewe mad apaid,
and fell to skip and dance.
No sooner was the Pipes sound heard,
But Bedlam-like he bounst and stard,

and

and leapt the bush about:
The sharp briers scratcht him by the face
And by the breach and other place,
that fast the blod ran out:
It tare his cloathes down to the shirt,
His cope, his cowle, and linnen shirt,
and every other weede:
The thornes this while was rough and thick,
And did his priuie members prick,
that fast they gan to bleede.
Iacke as he piped laught among,
The Frier with briers was vildly stonge,
he hopped wondrous hie:
At last the Frier held vp his hand,
And said I can no longer stand,
O I shall dancing die.
Gentle Iacke thy pipe hould still,
And here I vow for good or ill,
to doe thee any woe:
Iacke laughing to him thus replide,
Frier skip out on the other side,
thou hast free leaue to goe.
Out of the bush the Frier then went,
All martyred, ragged, scratcht and rent,
and torne on euery side:
Hardly on him was left a clout,
To wrap his belly round about,
his harlotry to hide.
The thornes had scratcht him by the face
On hands and thighes, and euery place,

he was all bath o in blod:
so much, that who the Frier did se,
For feare from him were fain to fle
thinking he had bene wod.
When to the good-wife home he came
He made no brags for very shame,
to se his clothes rent all:
Much sorrow in his heart he had,
And every man did gelle him mad,
when he was in the Hall.
The good wife said where hast thou been;
Sure in some euil place I weene,
by sight of thine array:
The Frier said to her right sone,
The diuell and he hath me vndone
no man him couquer may.
With that the good-man he came in,
The wife set on her madding pin,
cride here's a foule away:
Thy sonne that is thy life and deare,
Hath almost slaine this holy Frier,
alas and well away.
The good man said Benedicite,
What hath the vilde boy done to the,
now tell me with out let;
The deuill him take the Fryer then said,
He made me dance in spight of my head,
among the Thornes the hey go bet.
The goodman said vnto him tho,
Father, hadst thou bene murdred so,

What vens oravy unne:
The Fryer to him made this reply,
The Pipe did sound so merrily,
that I could neuer blinne.
Now when nt grew to almost night,
Iacke the Boy came home full right,
as he was wont to doe:
But when he came into the Hall,
Full sone his Father did him call,
and bad him come him to.
Boy he said, come tell me here,
What hast thou done vnto this Fryer,
lye not in any thing:
Father he said, now by my birth,
I plaid him but a fit of mirth,
and pip'd him vp a spring.
That Pipe said's Father wauld I faine hear
Now God forbid cryes out the Fryer,
his hands he then did wring:
Pou shal, the Boy laid, by Gods grace
The Frier replide woe and alas
making his sorrowes ring.
For Gods loue said the wretched Frier
And if you wil that strange pipe heare
bind me fast to a post:
For sure my fortune thus I read
If dance I doe I am but dead,
my wofull life is lost.
Strong roapes they take both sharp & round,
And to the post the Frier they bound

in

in the middle of the Hall:
All they which at the table sate,
Laughed and made good sport thereat,
saying Frier thou canst not fall.
Then said the good man to the Boy,
Iacke pipe me vp some merry toy,
pipe freely when thou will:
Father, the Boy said verily,
You shall haue mirth enough and glée,
till you bid me be still.
With that his pipe he quickly hent
And pipte, the whilst in veriament,
each creature gan to dance:
Lightly they skipt and leapt about
Perking their legs now in, now out,
striuing alott to prounce.
The good man as in mad despaire,
Leapt out, and through, and ore his chaire,
no man could caper hier:
Some others leaped ore the stocks,
Some start at strawes, and fell ore blockes,
some wallowed in the fier.
The good man made himselfe good sport,
To see them dance in this mad sort,
the good wife sate not still:
But as she dansk she lookt on Iacke,
And fast her taile did double each cracke,
loud as a water mill.
The Frier this while was almost lost,
He knockt his pate against the post,

... was then his dancing grace:
The rope rubd him vnder the chinne,
That the blud ran from his tattred skin
in many a naked place.
Iacke piping ran into the strét,
They followed him with nimble fét;
hauing no power to stay:
And in their hast the doze did cracke,
Each tumbling ouer his fellowes backe,
vnmindfull of their way.
The neighbours that were dwelling by,
Hearing the Pipe so merrily
came dancing in at the gate:
Some leapt ore dozes, some ore the hatch,
No man would stay to draw the latch,
but thought he came too late.
Some sicke or slæping in their bed,
As they by chance lift vp their head,
were with the pipe awaked: (wakes
Straight forth they start through dozes and
Some in their shirts some in their smocks
and some starke belly naked.
When all were gathered round about,
There was a diuers vnruly rout,
that danced in the strét:
Of which some lame that could not goe,
Striuing to leape, did tumble so,
they danst on hands and fét.
Iacke tirde with spoyt said now Ile rest,
Doe (quoth his Father) I hold it best,
ther

thou cloyeſt me with thy cry
I pray thee Boy now quiet ſit,
In faith this was the merrieſt fit,
I heard this ſeauen yeare.
All thoſe that dancing thither came
Laught heartily and made good game,
yet ſome got many a fall:
Thou curſed Boy cride out the Frier,
Here I doe ſummon thee to appeare,
before the Officiall:
Looke thou be there on Friday next,
Ile meet thee then though now perplext,
for to ordaine thy ſorrow:
The Boy replide, I make a vow,
Frier Ile appeare as ſoone as thou,
if Friday were to morrow.
But Friday came as you ſhall heare,
Iackes ſtep-dame and the dancing Frier
together they were met:
And other people a great pace,
Flockt to the Court to heare each caſe
the Officiall was ſet.
Much ciuill matters were to doe:
More Libels read then one or two,
both againſt Prieſt and Clacke:
Some there had Teſtaments to proue,
Some women there through wanton loue
which got ſtrokes in the darke.
Each Proctor there did plead his caſe
When forth did ſtep Frier Topyas,

and lackes step-dame also:
Sir Officiall aloud said he,
I haue brought a wicked Boy to thée
hath done me mighty woe:
He is a Witch as I doe seare,
In Orleance he can finde no peare,
this of my troth I know:
He is a Deuill (quoth the wife)
And almost hath bereaued my life
at that, her taile did blow,
So lowd, th' assembly laught thereat,
And said her pistols cracke was flat,
the charge was all amisse:
Dame (quoth the gentle Officiall)
Proceed and tell me forth thy tale,
and doe not let for this.
The wife that seard another cracke,
Stood mute, and nere a word more spake,
shame put her in such dread:
Ha (said the Frier) right angerly,
I know this disgrace is long of thee:
now euill maist thou sped.
The Frier said, ar officiall,
This wicked Boy will vere vs all,
vnlesse you doe him chaste:
Sir, he hath got a pipe truly,
Will make you dance and leape full hie,
and breake your heart at last,
The Officiall replide perdie,
Such a pipe faine would I sée,

and

and what mirth it can make:
Now God forbid replide the Frier
That ere I should that vile pipe heare
ere I my way hence take.
Pipe on Iacke (said the Officiall)
And let me heare thy cunning all,
Iacke blew his pipe full lowd:
That every man start vp and danst,
Proctors and Priests & Sumners prannst,
and all in that great crowde.
Ouer the Deske the Officiall ran,
And hopt vpon the Table, than
straight iumpt vpon the floore:
The Frier that danst as fast as he
Met him mid-way and dangerously
broke either's face full sore.
The Register leapt from his pen,
And hopt into the throng of men,
his Inckhorne in his hand:
Which swinging round about his head,
Some he struck blinde, some almost dead,
some they could hardly stand.
The Proctors flung their bills about,
The good-wiues taile gaue many a shout,
perfuming all the mirth:
The Sumners as they had bene wood,
Leapt ore the formes and seates a good,
and wallowed on the earth.
Wenches that for their Penaunce came,
And other maids of worldly shame,

danst

ſame euery one as faſt:
Each ſet vpon a merry pin,
Some broke their heads & ſome their ſhin,
and ſome their noſes braſt.
The Officiall thus ſore turmoyld,
Halfe ſwelt with ſweat and almoſt ſpoyld
cride to the wanton childe:
To pipe no more within that place,
But ſtay the ſound euen for Gods grace,
and loue of Mary milde.
Iacke ſaid, as you will it ſhall be,
Prouided I may hence goe free,
and no man doe me wrong,
Neither this woman nor this Frier,
Nor any other creature here,
he anſwered him anon,
Iacke I to thee my promiſe plight,
In thy defence I meane to fight,
and will oppoſe thy ſone.
Iacke ceaſt his pipe, then all ſtill ſtood,
Some laughing hard, ſome raging wood,
ſo parted at that tide:
The Officiall and the Sumner,
The ſtep-dame and the wicked Frier,
with great ioy, mirth and pride.

FINIS.

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